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Centennial Anniversary
OF
WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

PROCEEDINGS
IN THE FIRST PARISH MEETING-HOUSE,
AT GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS,

APRIL 30, 1889.



GROTON:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.
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University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

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I. ANTHEM.

II. INVOCATION.

BY THE REV. JOSHUA YOUNG.

III. AMERICA.

IV. RESPONSIVE READING. PSALM xxxiii.

V. "LOCAL HISTORIC EVENTS."

BY FRANCIS M. BOUTWELL, ESQ.

VI. "JOURNEY OF GENERAL WASHINGTON TO NEW YORK."

BY THE REV. JOHN BARSTOW.

VII. ORIGINAL ODE. Sung at Trenton, 1789.

VIII. "INAUGURAL CEREMONIES OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON."

BY THE REV. FRANK C. WHITNEY.

IX. STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

X. READING INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

BY DANIEL J. DINAN.

XI. EPISCOPAL SERVICE. Old Style.

BY THE REV. INDICOTT PEABODY.

XII. TE DEUM.

BY THE STUDENTS OF "GROTON SCHOOL."

XIII. "PROGRESS OF THE COUNTRY DURING THE CENTURY."

BY THE REV. JOSHUA YOUNG.

XIV. ANTHEM.

XV. PRAYER.

BY THE REV. FRANK C. WHITNEY.

XVI. BENEDICTION.

BY THE REV. FRANK C. WHITNEY.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

HON. DANIEL NEEDHAM.

MRS. ELLEN M. NEEDHAM.

CAPT. JAMES M. SMITH.

MRS. LUCY HUNT SMITH.

MISS LUCY F. YOUNG.

MRS. SARAH L. HODGMAN.

PROCEEDINGS.

LOCAL HISTORIC EVENTS.

By FRANCIS M. BOUTWELL, Esq.

THIS house of worship was raised in 1754, and completed in the following year; it was therefore in existence twenty years before the Revolutionary War opened. For a long time it was the only meeting-house and the only public building in town, except the schoolhouses, which were too small to be of use for large gatherings of the people; so that all town-meetings and other assemblages were held here. Could these walls speak to us they would, no doubt, impart wonderfully interesting information.

Early in the month of March, 1775, a few weeks before the battles of Lexington and Concord, the Rev. Samuel Dana, the minister of the town at that time, preached a sermon in this house, in which he advised his people not to attempt resistance of the mother country; for in his opinion such action would result in defeat, in which event their situation would be much more unfortunate than it was then. The people were so irritated that they declined to permit him to preach the following Sunday, and this event practically closed his career as a minister of the gospel. A committee was formed, with Dr. Oliver Prescott at its head; and after conference with the minister he signed a paper, in which he apologized for anything that he might have said in his sermon that had perchance wounded the feelings of any of his hearers, and also expressed regret that he was not able to

entertain the political opinions held by the great majority of them. Mr. Dana continued to live in Groton for several years, studied law, and entered the practice of his new profession at Amherst, New Hampshire; and for a long time he was Judge of Probate of Hillsborough County in that State.

On the famous 19th of April, 1775, the alarm had reached Col. William Prescott at his home in Pepperell; and he had left his work, had called his men together from Pepperell and Hollis, and arrived here about the middle of the day. The men rested upon this Common, then an open field. In this building were our Board of Selectmen, assisted by other citizens, preparing and issuing arms and ammunition to the Groton soldiers who belonged to Colonel Prescott's regiment. The commanding officer waited for some time, but finally decided to move on and leave our men to follow when they should be ready, which they did. When Colonel Prescott's men marched into town and on to the Common, his brother, Dr. Oliver Prescott, then chairman of the Board of Selectmen, was heard to say, "This is a disgrace to us,"—our soldiers not being ready, when we had quite an advantage over those living beyond here, in point of time, in receiving the alarm.

Groton had five Selectmen at that time,—Dr. Oliver Prescott, Col. James Prescott, Capt. Josiah Sartell, Deacon Isaac Farnsworth, and Capt. Amos Lawrence. Three of them were of Groton's ablest and most useful citizens. Dr. Prescott, a brother of Col. William, was a leading physician in this vicinity, and a man of some note, not only here at his home, but in Boston, and to some extent in other parts of the Province. Col. James Prescott, another brother, was a patriotic and a prominent man. Capt. Amos Lawrence was father of Deacon Samuel Lawrence, and grandfather of Amos and Abbott Lawrence.

On the Fourth of July, 1776, a day which has since become famous, the Provincial Congress passed a resolution calling upon the people of this Province to remove the lead weights from the windows of their houses and public buildings, to be made into bullets, and the Commissary-General

was authorized to pay the market price for all lead received. It is known that the lead weights were removed from these windows during the Revolution to be made into bullets, and it is not unlikely that they were taken out in pursuance of that resolution.

Mr. William Kemp, the somewhat famous drum-major, who died a few years ago at the advanced age of ninety-five years, once told me that he attended the memorial services held in this meeting-house after the death of General Washington. He was then a boy about ten years old, and of course saw with a boy's eyes; and the thing that seemed to have impressed him most—in fact the only part of the proceedings of which he appeared to have any recollection—was that several times during the services, which were held in the evening, Major Woods, as he called him (meaning Major Samson Woods, a son of the famous Major Henry Woods), passed round the room and snuffed the candles. I very much regret that I am unable to give you any further information of what occurred upon that occasion. Mrs. Sarah (Capell) Gilson, who was born in November, 1793, and is still living, says that as she was only six years old her parents thought her too young to attend; but she remembers seeing her mother fastening crape upon the arms of her two brothers, older, who were to be present at the exercises.

In closing, it may not be out of place for me to call your attention to some of the great changes that have occurred here during the last one hundred years. In the year 1790 the first census of the United States was taken, and it then appeared that Groton was the second town, in number of inhabitants and in importance, in the county of Middlesex, Cambridge being the only larger place. Groton then contained about eighteen hundred inhabitants, and Cambridge about twenty-one hundred. And strange as it may seem, this, the second town in population and importance in this county, had never enjoyed the privilege of a public conveyance to any other place, although the town had been in existence one hundred and thirty-five years. A few years later a stage began to run between Groton and Boston, two or three times

each week. It was a very primitive wagon, as you may readily imagine when I say that the thoroughbraces were iron chains.

The first United States mail came to Groton in November, 1800. The first postmaster was Samuel Dana, a son of the minister to whom I have referred. He was then a young lawyer, but afterward became a judge and quite a distinguished man. Before that time letters for persons in Groton and the country about here came to the Boston post-office; and in the old Boston newspapers we see letters advertised as remaining in that office for persons living here and in the surrounding towns. When a man had occasion to go to Boston he would, no doubt, return with letters in his saddle-bags directed to his neighbors and to persons living in this vicinity, to whom he would send them as he had opportunity. Now we are hardly satisfied with two mails every day to and from all parts of the country, and three to Boston. The gross receipts of the Groton post-office for the first year of its existence amounted to twelve dollars and some cents.

I have stated these facts, that you may realize the wonderful changes that have taken place in Groton since the first President of the United States was inaugurated.

WASHINGTON'S JOURNEY TO NEW YORK.

BY THE REV. JOHN BARSTOW.

Pastor of the Union Congregational Church.

THERE is a lady living in Cortland, New York State, the daughter of a former pastor of this church, who, if she were here to-day, and had only been born somewhere between Virginia and New York instead of in Groton, could tell us more about Washington's journey than any one here can. To be sure, she was only three and a half years old

when that memorable journey was undertaken (younger than any little children I see before me this morning); but one can almost say (I am not sure that it would be the best thing to say it), — but one can *almost* say that had she been three years younger she could not help remembering such a wonderful event. It was talked about in every home. I do not suppose that a house was passed on that eventful journey but had some faces peering eagerly out of the window or door; and if there was a small boy anywhere about the premises he was sure to run out to the road, and with hands in his pockets gaze steadily at the man who was to be the PRESIDENT, until he had passed out of sight. Never before this time had there been a King or Emperor or President in this country. The king who had been the nominal ruler of the land, whom every one detested because of his selfish cruelty, lived more than three thousand miles away. He had never visited the country; he knew nothing of the people, and they knew but little of him.

Now a better than a king was to be the ruler of this land, — a man well known to the people and dearly loved by all, one whom every one delighted to honor.

In his quiet, pleasant retreat at Mount Vernon, in Virginia, Washington had been notified of his unanimous election to the office of President of a free and united people, by a man who was a great-great-uncle by marriage of our present President Harrison. On the 16th of April, one hundred years ago, he bade farewell to Mount Vernon, to private life, to the joys of his home, to the merry laughter of the two little grandchildren whom he fondly loved, and with a firm, unwavering trust in God entered upon what he called “the arduous but pleasing task of attempting to make a nation happy.”

Manifestations of their happiness were abundant on every hand. Though Washington would have been glad to journey to New York, the then seat of government, in a quiet way, he was not allowed to do so. Hardly had he left one place of any importance where he had been most royally entertained, before he would meet a committee from the next principal place, who would escort him into the city amid the

ringing of bells and roaring of cannon. As he crossed the line into the State of Pennsylvania, he was met by the Governor with a large civil and military escort, which kept constantly increasing ; a superb white horse was led out for him to mount, and leaving his carriage he rode under triumphal arches entwined with laurel, and entered Philadelphia amid the jubilations of the multitude.

Washington's journey all the way to the seat of government was a continual ovation. At Gray's Ferry on the Schuylkill River the most elaborate preparation of any made along the route was awaiting him. The boys and girls had doubtless scoured the woods and fields for laurel and evergreens, and wild and cultivated flowers alike had been gathered to make everything look as beautiful as possible. On one side of one of the arches were eleven flags bearing the names of the eleven States that had adopted the Constitution, and many different mottoes were found everywhere. If ever a little girl was envied by other little girls (and boys as well), it was that little Angelica Peale, who was chosen to drop a wreath of laurels "at just the right time and in the right way" on the head of Washington, as he passed under one of the archways.

What thoughts must have come to Washington as he pursued his journey ! He was no stranger to many of these places. As he crossed the Assunpink Creek, near Trenton, under a triumphal archway, twenty feet wide and supported by thirteen columns, all entwined with evergreen, — upon which were inscribed, in large gilt letters, "The Defender of the Mothers will also protect the Daughters," — how his thought must have gone back twelve years, to the time when the clouds hung low over the Colonists, who were almost discouraged in their efforts to secure their independence. Then it was that on a Christmas night he crossed the Delaware River, filled though it was with floating ice, and won that glorious victory at Trenton ; and a week later at Princeton, — victories which gave the Americans new hope and greater confidence in their leader, and which proved to be the turning-point in that great conflict.

Now again he was entering Trenton, but under what different circumstances! Then he met the deadly foes of the country; now he meets a number of young girls dressed in white and crowned with garlands, who strew flowers before him and greet him with the ode we are soon to hear, —

“Welcome, mighty chief, once more,
Welcome to this grateful shore!”

Washington declared that the impression of this ovation could never be effaced from his heart.

On approaching New York, though he had requested that he might have a quiet entry devoid of ceremony, he was met by a committee of both Houses of Congress and many other prominent men. At Elizabethtown Point he went on board a splendid barge, constructed for the occasion, and with music and every bright and pleasing accompaniment that the human mind could devise, he entered the harbor of New York, and was soon landed on Murray's Wharf, amid the ringing of bells, the roaring of cannon, and the shouting of the jubilant multitude.

To an officer who stepped up to him as he landed, announcing himself as commanding his guard, Washington said, “For the future the affection of my fellow-citizens is all the guard I want.” And that guard has never deserted him, and never will. We gather here to-day to place one more wreath upon his brow, and to give him one more triumphant ovation as we cross the line from one century into another.

INAUGURAL CEREMONIES OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.

BY THE REV. FRANK C. WHITNEY.

Pastor of the Baptist Church.

THE 30th of April dawned at last,—that supreme day of the nation's joy, that day on which the nation's favorite should be invested with the highest office in its power to bestow. New York was filled to overflowing, and filled from all parts of the land. The people had no iron horse, indeed, to annihilate space, with a thousand persons on his back, like the one passing through Groton yesterday ; but they came, and they thronged the city. Every tavern and boarding-house was filled, private residences were crowded, and many were compelled to sleep in tents. And still they came. Long before daybreak they were on their way. The Hudson was alive with boats, while great caravans were arriving from Westchester and Long Island and the Jerseys.

The sun rose that morning behind a cloud, and the appearance was that of a gathering storm ; but with the ringing of the bells the sky began to clear, and before noon the weather was serene and beautiful. The day seemed prophetic of the nation's future.

The scene of the inauguration was Federal Hall, the seat of Congress, which stood at the head of Broad Street. Upon the second floor of the hall was a balcony overlooking the street, plainly visible therefrom as well as from the windows and roofs of the adjacent houses. Upon this balcony it was decided to administer the oath of office. The furnishing was very simple : in the centre of the balcony stood a table with a rich velvet cover ; upon this was a large and elegant Bible resting upon a cushion of crimson velvet. That was all.

The ceremonies of the day began at sunrise with a salute of thirteen guns from the Battery. At nine o'clock the bells of the city rang merrily for half an hour. At ten the people were summoned to their churches for worship, in which the

blessings of Heaven were implored upon the nation and upon her first President. At noon the procession began to form in front of the President's residence, in Cherry Street, to conduct him to Federal Hall. It was a magnificent procession, and no pains were spared to do honor to the man whom the nation delighted to honor. If his journey to New York was a continual ovation, this surely must be raised to the dignity of a triumph.

The procession was headed by Col. Morgan Lewis, the Grand Marshal, attended by Majors Van Horne and Morton. Next to them were the military companies, chief among which were the troop of horse, the two companies of grenadiers, and a company of Highlanders in kilts with their national music, the bagpipe. The President rode in a coach of state, drawn by four horses. Preceding him were the Senate Committee, and following him the Committee of the House. Then came the chief municipal officers, the new cabinet, the French and Spanish ambassadors, other men of note, and a multitude of distinguished citizens.

About forty rods from the hall the President with his suite alighted, and walked between the troops which were drawn up on either side. At the door of the Senate-chamber he was met by the new Vice-President, John Adams, who conducted him to a chair of state at the upper end of the room. Then, in the midst of a profound silence, and with his own unaffected grace of manner, Mr. Adams said: "Sir, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States are ready to attend you to take the oath required by the Constitution, which will be administered to you by the Chancellor of the State of New York." "I am ready to proceed," was the reply of Washington, made with his accustomed dignity.

He then repaired to the balcony, accompanied by the Vice-President, Chancellor Livingston, Governor Clinton, and several other distinguished men. By this time Broad Street was crowded to its utmost capacity, the windows were filled, and the roofs above were thronged with citizens, all waiting eagerly to catch the first glimpse of the beloved form now advancing.

His appearance was greeted by a universal burst of applause, and the multitudes vied with one another in their shouts of joy and welcome.

The sight was too much for the great chieftain. He who never quailed in the presence of the enemy, now melted in the presence of his friends. Advancing with solemn dignity to the front of the balcony, he bowed several times with his hand on his heart, then sank down in an armchair, overcome with emotion. At once the people were hushed to silence, and waited until he had recovered sufficiently to proceed. He soon rose and advanced to the table where stood the Chancellor and Mr. Otis, Secretary of the Senate, who was supporting the Bible on its velvet cushion. The oath prescribed by the Constitution was then read by the Chancellor, with great deliberation and emphasis. The President repeated it after him slowly; then, bowing, kissed the Bible, with closed eyes and deepest emotion, saying, "I swear; so help me God!"

The Chancellor then turned to the people, and waving his hand, exclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

At the same instant a signal-flag was displayed on the cupola of the hall, at which there was a general discharge of artillery, the bells of the city rang out a merry peal, and the people rent the air with their joyful acclamations. Bowing again to the people, the President retired from a scene "such as the proudest monarch never enjoyed," — "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

PROGRESS OF THE COUNTRY DURING THE CENTURY.

BY THE REV. JOSHUA YOUNG.

Pastor of the First Parish Church.

[It is proper to preface this address with the remark that there were present, by special invitation, the pupils of the "Groton School," and of the several public schools of the town, to the number of about three hundred. The attendance of so many school-children was one of the most interesting features of the occasion. The Ode originally sung at Trenton was rendered by thirteen young women, representing the thirteen original States.]

SOME say that the age of miracles is past ; but no American history ever told them so. From the day which we celebrate, when Washington, President-elect by the unanimous choice of the people, was inaugurated, and our republican system of government went into operation, until this hour, — one hundred years, — the progress of the United States in population, wealth, and comfort, in letters and arts, in all that adorns and embellishes civilized life, has been simply prodigious, a perpetual miracle ; and all the world wonders. In the annals of all nations we find no parallel to it.

When Washington took the oath of fealty to his great office, the nation he was called to preside over occupied but a narrow strip of land lying along the Atlantic coast. To the east stretched a boundless expanse of ocean, and westward lay an equal expanse of wilderness. The section of country divided into the recently admitted States of Montana, North and South Dakota, and Washington — well christened that honored and beloved name, in this centennial year ! — was at that time even more a *Terra Incognita*, with all its vast adjacent territory, than is now the interior of Africa ; while the great river Mississippi, which with its tributaries affords twenty thousand miles of steamboat navigation, poured its yellow waters into the sea as silent and unvexed by the wheels of industry as the river Congo.

In 1789 there were but six hundred thousand white families in the United States, and, speaking broadly, with few excep-

tions all were poor. The single State of New York or Pennsylvania has to-day more inhabitants than had the whole country at that time. There were but four cities having a population of more than ten thousand. And even these few large cities — New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore — were but larger collections of the wooden houses which composed the villages. The social condition of the people had all the features of a new country, aggravated by the difficulties of intercommunication. Their daily life was of the simplest sort. The country was almost exclusively agricultural. That the steamboat and the railroad were then practically unknown I need not say; the telegraph and the telephone were not so much as dreamed of. When Charles Thomson, Secretary of the Continental Congress, set out for Mount Vernon to carry to General Washington the certificate of his election, he was a full week in making the journey which may now be easily performed between the rising and setting sun of a summer day.

Such, to the outward eye, was the inferiority of our country when the foundation was laid of the imposing national structure we are now permitted to regard. Indeed, it is impossible for a modern American to realize his nation's early poverty and weakness,—its strength reduced and its resources sadly crippled by a long and arduous struggle for independence.

What a marvellous change of things and men,—so weak then, so mighty now! And this magnificent empire of our arts, our morals, our literature and laws, has been but a century in building! But what a century! These hundred years have changed the world; and this country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought, and Washington himself—incomparable man!—a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. “His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.”

Compared with the immemorial origin of Asiatic nations, this American Republic is but an infant of a day; compared with the States of Europe, it has not yet outgrown its youth.

Yet to what a giant in physical proportions the child has already grown! Extending through twenty-five degrees of latitude, the waters of the Mexican Gulf lave its feet, and the evergreens of Canada crown its head. Or, for symmetry's sake, changing the position and placing its feet on the Pacific shore, the length of our colossus is twenty-eight hundred miles!

Make the circuit of this vast territory, following the boundary line on the two oceans and the Gulf of Mexico and the line of frontier toward British America, and we have as the circumference of these United States upwards of fifteen thousand miles,—almost two thirds of the circumference of the great globe itself!

Such is the present geographical magnitude of our country; and its physical resources, both in variety and value, are commensurate with its extent. A little while ago —

“Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes whose mystic shores
The Saxon's rifle never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars;”

and now, instead of a waste and a solitude, behold the waving grain-fields of a continent,—a world's bread-tray! For while the population of our country is increasing about one and a quarter millions annually, enough every twelvemonth to make as populous a city as New York, our food-supply is growing even faster, keeping in excess of consumption.

Politically, grown already from thirteen to forty-two States, still more, of equal or even greater magnitude, forming out of the raw material of territory already explored, are looming up on the horizon, like new worlds emerging from nebulæ, and will soon wheel into shining line. From a little handful of people, about three millions, we have increased, as probably the next census will show, to seventy or eighty millions!

And not to forget that next to the public virtue of a people their intelligence, rather than their numbers or their riches, is the true glory of a nation, it must not be left unsaid that during the last year at least seventy-five million dollars were devoted to the single purpose of education, — a sum of money

several times as large as the income from all the imports and exports of the whole country in 1775.

Our colleges have increased from four to hundreds, our academies and high schools to thousands; and our free public-school system, so long the glory and pride of our New England, now that the barbarism of chattel slavery has been swept away, is fast extending its blessings to every part of the land, and the precious book of knowledge is being unsealed to every child, white or black, throughout the length and breadth of the land, — not excepting the “rude child of Nature,” the Indian.

Such, only too inadequately sketched, is our country, as it presents itself to-day to the eyes of an amazed and admiring world. And when we think that in this great body, and in all the parts thereof, dwells incarnate the living and life-giving spirit of liberty; that here are all the streams —

“That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
Of all that does and all that dreams,
Of all that thinks and all that feels,
Through spaces stretched from sea to sea,” —

what mortal imagination can begin to conceive what this great continent in no remote future will be, when filled up with a vast homogeneous population, speaking one language, all nationalities fused into one grand brotherhood!

What impresses me most, as I think of the past and of the future of this great Republic, — compact, individual, youthful, enterprising, strong, — is the manner, the process of its *growth as the promise and pledge of its perpetuity*. Men ask, “Sooner or later will it not fall to pieces?” Yes, when the mountains fall of their own gravity. In the past, nations have grown by rapine; they have conquered to rend and to drain. We invite all nations into our family, and help and influence them. We but open our gates, and the human sluices from both hemispheres pour in and people the land. We construct an empire by no piecemeal, patchwork process. Our glorious Republic is not a manufacture, a fabric, but an organism, an evolution in the order of Nature. We grow as the tree

grows, — from seed to blossom, to fruit. We grow by the natural process of absorption and organization. See, — for the way of it is beautiful and unique ! First, the several original Colonies united in a confederacy of thirteen States, and started on their career as a brotherhood ; then, as the forest moved back before the woodman's axe, and the clearing invited the sower's hand, and the ox bent its neck to the plough, and above the tree-tops from rude cabins the smoke went curling up, suggestive of peace, and homes were made, and the cricket chirruped on the hearth, — *then* the wild region, tamed, budded into a " territory ; " and then from a territory, with increasing population and developed resources, blossomed into a " State," freedom-crowned !

Thus, by a process of absorption and organization, our great Republic from its small beginnings has grown to its present imperial dimensions ; and this process will continue — for what shall stay or hinder ? — till we have formed this entire continent (not Canada nor Mexico excluded) into innumerable self-governments, with a common central intelligence directing the life of all, while each shall be free to lead the separate existence of a neighbor among neighbors.

Oh, how one's pulse bounds, how one's breath quickens or stops, thrilled with the thought that here victories are won which are followed by no reverse ; that here is an empire which is exempt from the natural causes of decay and cannot soon dissolve, — not war-acquired, but peace-born, Nature's gift ; an empire of Freedom, of Brotherhood, Equality under the Law, justice to all and a chance for all, — " a government of the people, by the people, for the people."

I have said that our country's growth is organic, like the growth of a tree. But tree and plant and flower, green and beautiful and fragrant for a time, at last decay. Let us find a similitude in things less perishable, in things which cannot pass away, in that which endures while ages roll. Look up and behold the starry sky ! there is our nation's effigy, its likeness in the planetary system, — orbs of splendid ray, of different age and size and length of year, each a separate, individual, sovereign world, yet interdependent, all feeling one

attraction, all joined in one destiny, revolving around one common centre, the all-sustaining sun, and "drinking light and life and glory from his aspect."

Ah! my little men and women whom I see before me, you are not old enough yet to know what all this means. But who can tell what your eyes shall behold when ours are closed? — for you will one day take our places. And oh, ye young men and maidens fair, close pressing upon our heels, let me exhort you to understand and know and appreciate and improve the unspeakable privileges and blessings to the enjoyment of which, as Americans, by birth and education you are the very elect of God.

I count it the chief glory of our country that it offers to all who will accept the gift, unlimited welcome to such opportunities as can nowhere else be found on the face of the globe; that, putting no hindrance in the way, it extends to all alike, to foreign-born as well as native-born, the only patronage a brave manhood ought to ask for, — the patronage of equal opportunity. Here nothing hinders; the way is clear, the path is open, the field is wide; go in, occupy, and possess the land! "Uncle Sam" not only gives you a farm, as the old song has it; but what is infinitely more, he gives you an open door, and a free thoroughfare to any and every part of the Temple of Honor your ambition may aspire to, your ability attain. Here exists no law of caste, no monarchical system of nobility, no aristocracy of birth, no monopoly of rights and privileges, thank God, which can keep you back — without your consent, your cowardly yielding and giving up — from any place or position you aspire to, or rather from the *opportunity*, a fair chance, with every other man, to struggle for it and attain it, if, as I have already said, you have the requisite ability, the brave self-sacrifice, the strong, indomitable will.

For this, all hail to the country of Washington! all hail to this great, magnificent Republic, which, piloted by his wisdom, early escaped the rocks of an unexplored sea, and to-day, when a hundred years are past, survives, unshipwrecked, the fiercest gale that ever howled and beat upon a nation, and

still carries at masthead, "not a star dimmed, not a stripe erased," the freedom-emblazoned flag which is become the sign and symbol of Human Liberty, Progress, and Brotherhood wherever it unfurls in waves of beauty on the winds that blow around the world !

" Boom, cannon, boom to the winds and waves !
 Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple !
 Banners, advance with triumph, bend your staves !
 And from every mountain-peak
 Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak.

.
 She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
 She of the open soul and open door,
 With room about her hearth for all mankind.
 O beautiful, my country !

.
 What words divine of lover or of poet
 Could tell our love and make thee know it,
 Among the nations bright beyond compare ?
 What were our lives without thee ?
 What, all our lives to save thee ?
 We reck not what we gave thee ;
 We will not dare to doubt thee, —
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare !



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